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Puck

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BUNCOMBE AND BOODLE.

THEY CAN NEVER CATCH AMERICAN LABOR WITH THAT COMBINATION.

WHEN HERRICK WAS A BEAU.

WHEN Robert Herrick was a beau
Perilla wore a cobweb lawn,
With roses nestling near a cheek
Of color healthy as the dawn.

Corinna had a sparkling wit,
Sweet Lucia was wond'rous fair;
And Julia, to an amber lute,
Sang melting notes with witching air.

Anthea bloomed in gown of gauze,
Cold Myrrha bore a heart of stone;
Rare Dianeme had star-like eyes,
And rubies in her ear-tips shone.

Elizabeth had peachy cheeks,
Dear Bridget blushed with gentle grace,
And Ursley loved a velvet patch
Upon her fresh and dainty face.

Through hundreds, since, the years have ranged,
With shifting scenes in joy and woe;
But who can say that girls have changed
Since Robert Herrick was a beau?

Emma Carleton.

NOTHING IS EASIER.

BROWN.— I think it is difficult to determine the cause of a commercial depression.

JONES.— Nonsense! You always have your choice of half-a-dozen causes, and you have only to select the one which suits your political opinions.

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HIS ONLY RESOURCE.

REV. GOODMAN *(pathetically)*.— Oh! why do you rob me thus, sir?

BURGLAR *(politely)*.— Well, Boss, I don't own a silver mine, an' I ain't a protected manufacturer;— dis is de only way I kin.

WISE RESTRICTIONS.

SAM.— Dat watah-melon club am a strictly soshul club, am it not?

PETE.— Strictly. No discussions 'bout politicks or 'ligion or de diff'runt makes ob wheels am permitted.

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AS TO THE NEW COOK.

HIS WIFE.— Did she object to coming out here?

THE SUBURBANITE.— Not at all! She says she is fond of travel, and this is one of the few spots in New Jersey at which she has n't spent a few days.

IN ROME.

CHOLLY.— Ya-as; all they talked about was buying and selling — puah shop, y' know!

PRUYN.— What did you talk about, Cholly?

CHOLLY.— I? Aw, I did n't say anything, y' know!

PRUYN.— Humph! Talked shop, too, eh?

NO REST.

BROWN.— I felt very tired when I woke up this morning.

JONES.— Went to bed late?

BROWN.— Went to bed early and dreamt I made a century run.

A DEFINITION.

JOHNNY.— What is a doubtful State, Papa?

PAPA.— One which our campaign managers expect to see go the other way.

FROM HER POINT OF VIEW.

MRS. BROWN.— What is this silver agitation, anyhow?

MRS. JONES.— All I know is that it 's my husband's latest excuse for not giving me as much money as I want.

ALL NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.

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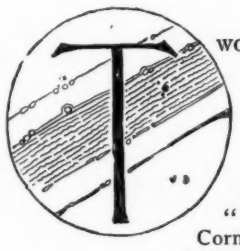
MR. B. RAGGART.—Yes, boys, when I tell you stories about my killing wild beasts in Central Africa I tell you something I can prove. Now, here are some photographs I had taken of myself and the game I had bagged. You can't get away from photographs, you know!

MR. B. RAGGART *(during his hunting trip in Central Africa.)*—Yes; just make me a photo. with me standing with the tiger at my feet, and another with the lion.

NEWS FROM HOME.



TWO MEN with neck whiskers met the other day at the Smithville railroad station, and greeted each other effusively. One had moved to Smithville several years before, while the other had remained at the place where the two had been boys together.

After the first greetings were over, the resident of Smithville asked:

"Wall, Henry, how 's everything over at Hexham's Corners?"

"Well, Hexham's Corners is still thar."

"How are all the people?"

"Some is dead an' some is livin', some is sick an' some is well. Say!"

"Wall?"

"You remember Josh Wiggins?"

"Yes."

"Remember that black bull pup o' his'n?"

"Yes."

"Dead!"

"You don't say!"

"Yes. Got into a fight with Widder Teet's fox hound. Remember Widder Teet's fox hound, I s'pose?"

"Yes."

"It 's dead, too."

"No!"

"Yes."

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do. Robbers put him to sleep one afternoon an' robbed the house while the Widder Teets was at a missionary meetin' at the Pleasant Vale meetin' house.

"So?"

"It 's a fact. It kind o' soured the widder on goin' to meetin' any more. Say!"

"Well?"

"You remember Jake Weatherwax's roan colt?"

"Yes."

"Got to be a fast horse, that did."

"You don't tell me!"

"Yep. Trotted a mile in three minutes. Jake sold him for two hundred and fifty dollars.

"Do tell! What did he do with all that money?"

"Got merried."

"No!"

"Yep. Merried Lucy Baxter. Remember Lucy?"

"I should say I did. Took Lucy to a huskin' bee once."

"And found a red ear, eh?"

"Yep."

"Oh! you sly dog!"

"Don't punch me in the ribs that way! What else has happened at Hexham's Corners?"

The visitor from Hexham's thought a moment and then said:

"You knew Sal Briggs?"

"Yes."

"She 's merried, too."

Well, I 'd like to know who 'd merry that red-headed chatterbox."

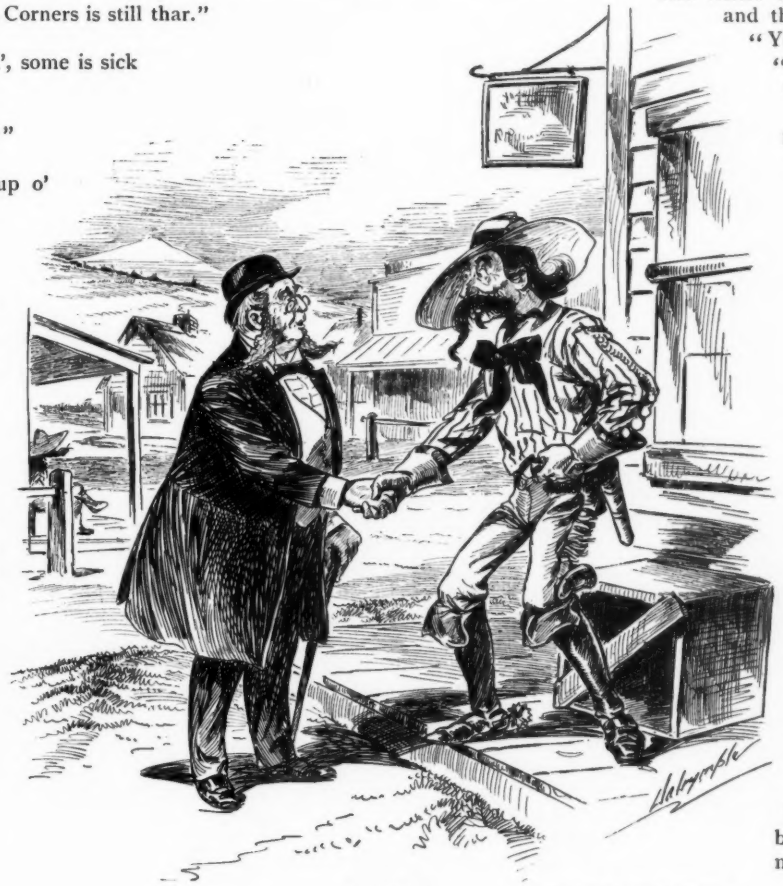
"Me."

"You?"

"Yes; me. I must go now. Good-by."

"Good-by."

William H. Siviter.



A PAIR.

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PHYSICIAN *(traveling Out West)*.—Yes, I have been a practising physician for thirty-five years.

BUTTE BITTERS *(enthusiastically.)*.—Shake, Old Man, shake! It 's many a man I 've sent to his last accounts, too!

PROBABLY SHE WILL.

SALLY GAY.—I have just been reading that a well-known scientist predicts that man will presently reach a condition where he will be toothless and hairless and walk on all fours.

JACK SWIFT.—And will woman continue to pursue what is left of him with the same avidity as of yore?

NO EXCUSE.

MRS. HOON.—I understand that young Clarence Scoots has run away to keep from paying his debts.

OLD HOON.—I never could understand what made that boy turn out so badly; the mothers of both his parents died before he was born, and he never had a grandmother to spoil him.

IF THE poet had said that "man gets but little here below," he would have been endorsed almost as cordially as the author of the multiplication table.

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HE EXTENDS HIS SYMPATHY.

SUBURBANITE.—Healthy? Why, nearly everybody around here lives to be eighty or ninety.

CITY CYNIC.—That 's pretty hard, is n't it?

PRACTICAL.

SMITHER.—What do you humorists consider as a practical joke?

HUMORIST.—Why, one that is salable, of course.

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SHE SHARED HIS VIEWS.

"Aw," he drawled, gazing at her costume blankly, "one can't be sure, nowadays, that a person is a man just because that—aw—person wears twousers."

"No," she returned, tersely, looking him over sharply;—"one can't."

HOPELESS.

SMITHER.—I see that Jimson has n't returned to college after the holiday vacation.

RINKTUMS.—No; poor fellow, he failed dismally in his football-examinations.

WHEN HE HAD TO SAY SOMETHING.

HE.—You are the only girl—

SHE.—But no doubt you have said the same thing to others.

HE.—But—I—but it is equally true in this case.

ALMOST.

He begs of me a helping hand,
And piteously lingers
Until I give to him a dime,
With which he buys "four fingers."

A PROBABILITY.

HAZEL.—That policeman in the next street must be clubbing sombody.

NUTTE.—Why?

"I hear him whistling for help."

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AN IDEAL ABRAHAM.

MRS. ISAACS.—I dreampt lasht nighd dod I died, undt vent to schleeb in Apraham's poosom.

MR. ISAACS.—Vell,—I subbose you enchoyed der senzazion?

MRS. ISAACS.—Ach! id vas simbly glorious!—he hat a tiamont on his shirt-poosom as pig as a bine-abble.

TOO SOON AFTERWARD.

HE.—Can't you make it an evening wedding instead of noon?

SHE.—Why, dear?

"I am not going to give the ushers' dinner until the night before."

A GOOD POINT.

CYRUS TREETOP.—There is one thing I like immensely about your elevated roads.

WILLIAM ANN.—What is it?

CYRUS TREETOP.—You don't have to go and get identified in order to buy a ticket.

NO TRANSLATING REQUIRED.

"I wish I were a composer instead of an author," he said.

"And why?" inquired his wife.

"A composer can get original themes without having to understand a foreign language."

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WANTED TO KNOW HIS INTENTIONS.

MR. BEACON *(of Boston)*.—Ah! Miss Breezy, what a heavenly harmony is the blending of the music of two souls!

MISS BREEZY'S LITTLE BROTHER.—Say, are you playing for keeps?

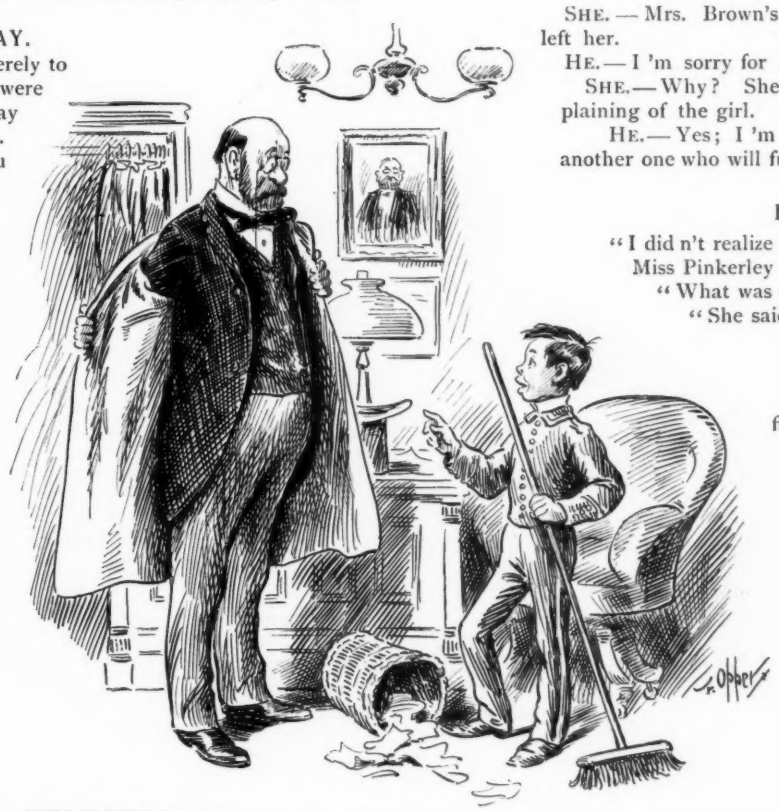
WHILE IT IS YET TO-DAY.

"YOU SAY," said the judge severely to the prisoner, "that you were celebrating your eightieth birthday when you were intoxicated yesterday. What do you mean by that, sir, you are not yet forty years old?"

"I know it, Your Honor," stammered the wretched man; "I know it; none knows it better than me; but when I was a little boy, Judge, my mother taught me at her knee, while she combed my tiny head with a fine-toothed comb and polished up my ears with the corner of her apron, my mother taught me, then, Your Honor, never to put off until some other time that which may be done as well to-day, for fear that the Great Reaper might come when I wotted not, Judge, and reap me while I waited.

"And, Your Honor, yesterday, when I was trying to think of something to celebrate, something told me that my eightieth birthday was worth a special programme. None of our family, Judge, has ever rounded out the four score years, to say nothin' of the ten; but yesterday, Your Honor, even though I die to-night, I done my duty by that eightieth birthday, an' I done it well!"

"You did, indeed," said the judge kindly; "and you may now do ten days, which will let you out in ample time for the observance of your eighty-first anniversary. Next!"



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A DECEIVER.

OFFICE BOY.—Doctor, that red-headed Mrs. Squanch came in while you were out and ripped around awfully! She called you a quack and a fraud and a swindler, and threatened to have you arrested or sued or something.

DR. TOMBS.—Great Scott! What was the matter with her?

OFFICE BOY.—Why, she said you told her that her husband could not recover, and she went and sold all his clothes to a second-hand dealer. And now he is getting well as fast as he possibly can.

NOT A GREAT RISK.

CLARA.—We 've had a terrible fight, and it 's all broken off.

MAUDE.—Do you think there is any hope of a reconciliation?

"Oh, yes! I am so confident that I have sent back all of his presents."

A PROBLEM.

AUTHOR.—I wonder if what Jones said about my book was a slip of the tongue or a deliberate insult?

FRIEND.—What did he say?

AUTHOR.—He said he could n't finish it without laying it down.

WHAT HE WANTED.

CLERK.—I can let you have a single baby carriage for twenty dollars; but if you want one to hold twins it will come to twenty-five dollars.

CUSTOMER.—Let me look at one for thirty dollars.

HIS STATUS.

SELDUM FEDD *(at the door)*.—Kin I see de lady of de house?

MR. HENNYPECK *(whose wife is out wheeling)*.—I am he.

POOR COMPARISON.

WIFE.—Mrs. Brown is very much attached to that pug dog, and it 's as ugly as sin.

HUSBAND.—My dear, if sin were as ugly as Mrs. Brown's pug dog, the straight and narrow path would be crowded.

A LOSS.

SHE.—Mrs. Brown's girl has left her.

HE.—I 'm sorry for Mrs. Brown.

SHE.—Why? She was always complaining of the girl.

HE.—Yes; I 'm afraid she will find it hard to get another one who will furnish as much cause for complaint.

HIS MEASURE.

"I did n't realize how short he was until I heard what Miss Pinkerley said about him."

"What was that?"

"She said he was every inch a gentleman."

THE TROUBLE.

"I used to have a terrible time finding the things I put away," said Mrs. Smythe; "but till recently I have overcome the difficulty by keeping a notebook in which I entered the place whenever an article was laid away."

"Why, that seems just perfect!" twittered Mrs. Tompkins; "but what 's the matter recently?"

"Why, I 've put away the horrid notebook, too!"

NOT TO SPEAK OF.

SHE.—Have you no relatives?

HE.—None to speak of; —all poor!

REMORSE IS the mistimed consideration of the consequences of error.

MONEY MAKES the mare go; —it also frequently makes horse sense go.

EXERCISING HER TALENT.

"THAT Woman Candidate"—her masculine opponent glared wildly as he spoke—"has done a low-down, measly, dinged trick!"

"What?" asked his manager, anxiously.

"Got out a campaign button that 'll do practical work on anything, from a shirt front to suspenders!"

FACING AN AUDIENCE.

NODD.—Has the widow that Gilpins is going to marry many children?

TODD.—I judge so. He says that when he met them he had stage fright.

FULLY APPRECIATED.

BROWN.—You don't realize the importance of the money question.

SMITH.—I do. Next to riding the right kind of wheel, it is the most important question now before the public.

MARVELOUS MAN!

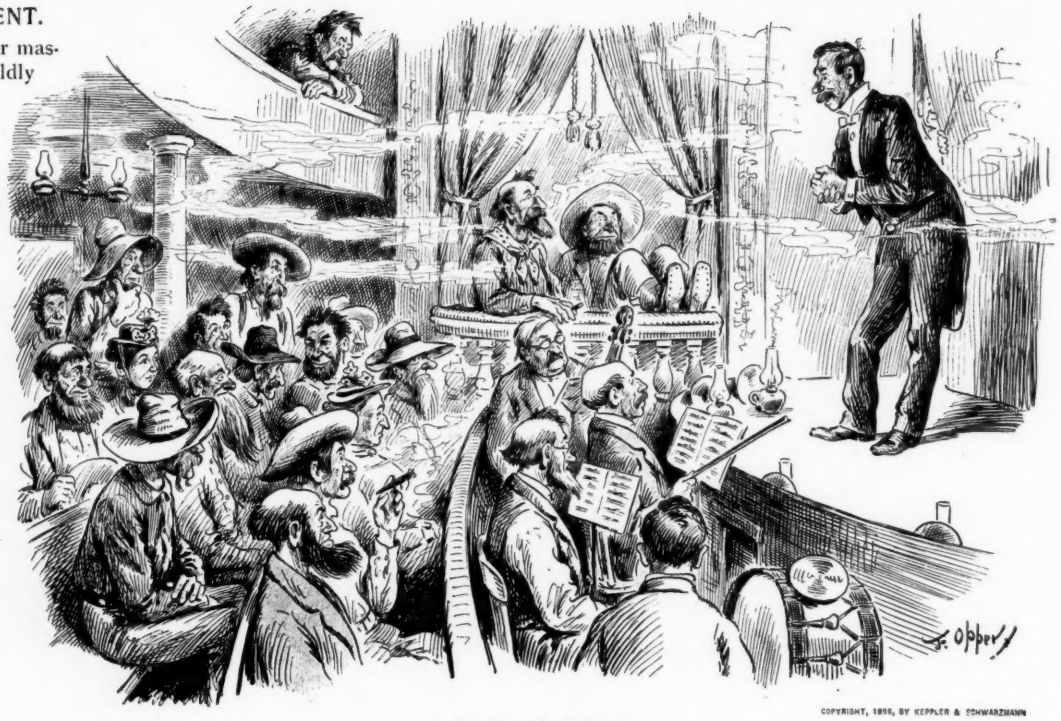
"I lived in Washington during the war," he remarked.

The hotel loungers looked at each other uneasily.

"In all that time," he pursued, "Lincoln never told me a story."

The hotel loungers gazed at him, and gazed and gazed.

TIME IS not only money, but some people's currency in that line seems to be terribly inflated.



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EXPLANATORY.

STAGE MANAGER *(Silver City theatre)*.—Ladies an' gents—I hef ter request yer kind indulgence ter night, an' hope yer won't pull yer shootin'-irons durin' de second act, w'ere de miser counts his money an' says, "Ha, ha! how I love these here heaps of bright, glitterin' gold!" Now, it ain't gold coin at all, gents—it 's nuthin' but brass imitation, an' we 'd be on'y too glad ter hev him hoardin' up silver coin, on'y we can't get nuthin' ter imitate silver wit'out payin' more fer it dan de real metal would cost us. So, I again crave yer kind indulgence fer dat one act, an' hope you 'll like th' rest o' th' piece.

AN EXPLANATION.

IKEY.—Fader, vy do dey say a man makes an assignment for der benefit of der greditors?

FADER.—Oh! dot 's vot yer call boetical license.

A CLEW TO A POSSIBLE CRIME.

FIRST CITIZEN.—Why is money called "tin"?

SECOND CITIZEN.—Perhaps tin *was* money, at some time in the past;—it may have been demonetized.

PLENTY LEFT.

THE DENTIST.—I 'll have to kill the nerve.

THE DRUMMER.—Go ahead! I can spare it.

UNSCRUPULOUS, BUT SHREWD.

The English editor ('t is true,
And not a baseless rumor)
Cribs all our Yankee jokes, to keep
His readers in good humor.

POINT BLANK.

CLARA.—I was afraid if I let him kiss me I should be sorry for it afterward.

MAUDE.—Were you?

INFORMATION FOR THE YOUNGSTER.

"Papa, what is a family jar?"

"A vessel of wrath, my son."

A SPITEFUL CONJECTURE.

HELEN.—I understand that Mrs. Jones is to allow her parlors to be used for an entertainment in aid of some charitable object—I forget just what.

ALICE.—Perhaps to give her daughters a chance to see a man.

THE PROOF of the plum-pudding is that the small boy insists on giving it an encore.

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HOW HE KNEW.

SHE.—Oh! there 's that Mr. d'Auber over there. Is he a great artist?

HE.—Oh, yes! Have you never talked with him?

WHEN YOU hear a man lay especial stress on the fact that there are quite as good fish in the sea as ever were caught, it is an even chance that he is n't getting a bite.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

THE OSTRICH STATESMAN.

THE FRUITFUL field of Democratic politics in New York has become a desolate and barren waste. Over the rusting ruins of a once powerful machine a few birds of ill omen hover in eager suspense. And here and there over the desert a gaunt and terrified ostrich hides its head in the burning sand. Examine the most conspicuous and the most terrified of these fowls and you will find it to be none other than that wise and patriotic statesman, that tried leader of men and trusted executive, David Bennett Hill. But what does he here in this unseemly and uncomfortable attitude, while his party perishes all about him? What has wrought this dolorous change in the fearless champion of 1892? Then, with flashing eye and pride-swollen chest, this same organism declared in ringing tones, "I am a Democrat!" and his responsive listeners cheered the sentiment to the echo. There was a MAN, they averred, — one who was not afraid, but proudly anxious to uncover his most sacred convictions before all the world. The fire of Democracy burned in his breast, and no cold-water fear of defeat could quench it. He was ready to suffer and to die for his principles, if an undiscerning people should will such a martyrdom. Why, then, is this wise and intrepid statesman of 1892 showing himself to be a coward and a sneak in 1896?

* * *

Well, the fact is that in 1892 it was the popular thing to declare one's self a Democrat. Mr. Hill, it is true, made his declaration with the air of one affirming a radical and dangerous doctrine to a hostile assemblage; but that is a common trick of cheap politicians, — to assert boldly their adherence to something about as well established as the multiplication table, and their readiness to die in defence of it. Mr. Hill knew that he was saying the obvious thing and that his course would enhance his political prospects. He was climbing into the band-wagon and making what capital he could out of the operation, like the smug fraud that he is.

* * *

Demagogues have lived and died without being exposed, simply because no issue arose that measured their character. Unfortunately for Mr. Hill the vital issue in this campaign is one that makes this very test. Politicians of worth and principle did not hesitate to accept it. There are a few honest Republicans who are victims of the silver delusion, and these have stood by their convictions even though it alienated them from their party of a lifetime. There are many more honest Democrats who detect the fallacies of the silver argument and who have promptly allied themselves with the one party that stands for national integrity. Both of these classes are entitled to the respect which honesty of purpose — mistaken or not — always commands. There are still other Democrats — nominal Democrats — who have never been in politics for anything else but spoils, and these very consistently stand by the Democratic machine at all times. These last are logical, if not honest or patriotic.

* * *

Mr. Hill belongs to neither of these classes. It is doubtful if he has any real convictions upon the great issue of the day. Apparently he has never thought it worth while to acquire convictions upon any subject of importance. He was ready to defy the world with his "I am a Democrat!" when that announcement required no courage. To-day he dares not affront the intelligent people of the State by declaring for a fifty-cent dollar, he has not the courage to declare for sound money, and he lacks even the brute instinct of loyalty to his spoilsmen confederates.

* * *

This campaign will be worth its cost to the State of New York if it does nothing more than show up Mr. Hill convincingly for the shallow trickster that he is. And after his present pitiful exhibition no one should be again deceived by him. Yet he is pursuing his ostrich tactics in the fond belief that the voters of this State have not divined his unworthiness. A large contempt for the public intelligence is still the key-note of his character, even though he has been receiving rebuffs from it ever since he was the unanimous choice of himself for President in 1892. He still hugs the theory that being a statesman is a matter of being shrewd and unscrupulous. Let him stand with his head hidden, a warning to all demagogues, while the real Democracy of New York takes new root and sends up a new growth.

NEWSPAPER AND other publishers are hereby warned against one F. W. Kinnie, a thief, whose specialty seems to be stealing the stories of other people. In the *Boston Evening Transcript* of September 19th, and in the *Pittsburgh Dispatch* of September 20th, he prints as his own a story from "SHORT SIXES," by the late H. C. Bunner, Editor of PUCK, having changed its title from "Zozo" to "A Disciple of the Black Art." The editors of these newspapers and the larcenous Mr. Kinnie will please note that PUCK'S publications are protected by copyright, infringement of which is invariably prosecuted.

PRO BONO PUBLICO.

FRIEND. — I suppose you can prove that your trust is a great benefit to the public.

THE MONOPOLIST. — You see, since we have crushed out competition in our line we don't have to bother the public by sending out canvassers to solicit orders.

A POINT IN ITS FAVOR.

BROWN. — Think the spelling reform movement will ever amount to anything?

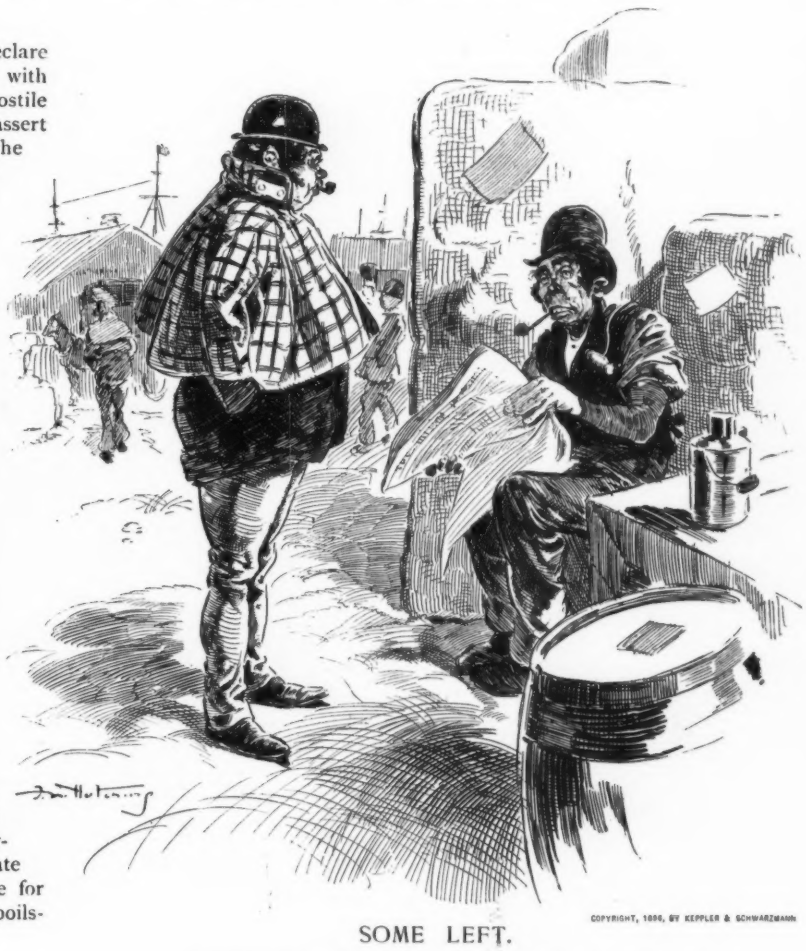
JONES. — It might. It does n't have to pass the United States Senate.

AN EASY ONE.

FIRST POLITICAL MANAGER. — Our candidate's strength is his Americanism, and now his old chum, the Duke of Shamcoddy has come to town! He must ignore him; that 's all!

SECOND POLITICAL MANAGER. — No; he says he will give a big dinner and invite the factory hands to meet him.

IF SILENCE is golden, Dave Hill must be 24 carats fine.



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SOME LEFT.

ENGLISHMAN. — Bah! You 're crazy, Mike, to believe that St. Patrick drove h'all the snakes h'out h'of Hireland!

MIKE. — Sure, yez are roight! There be lots av Englishmen there yit.

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WELL PROTECT

MISS GOLD STANDARD AND HER ESCORT HAVE A BRACE OF STRONG POLIC

J. Ottmann Lith Co. Puck Building, N.Y.

L PROTECTED.

OF STRONG POLICEMEN TO SEE THEM THROUGH THE SLUMS OF POPOCRACY.

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A STRONG POSSIBILITY.

YOUNGERMAN.— Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?

OLETIMER.— Well, before I was married I thought that possibly they could.

YOUNGERMAN.— And afterward?

OLETIMER.— Oh! I did n't do any thinking afterward — I found they *had* to!

WHEN UNCLE URI 'S THINKIN'.

WHEN UNCLE URI WATSON goes to chawin' straws an' thinkin',
An' them thar weasel optics gits an extry spell o' winkin' —
When in argyfyin' with ye he 's pertickerlerly humble,
Ye better find a spot to light, fer yer goin' to take a tumble.

I hed ter laff the other day. Along ther' come a feller,
An' he tackled Uncle Uri in the ole potato cellar;
An' he spent a solid hour, I guess, a-fussin' an' a-tryin'
To find if Uncle Uri was a-goin' to vote fer Bryan.

An' when the feller 'd hed his say, ol' Uri, kind o' quiet,
He sez to him: "Yer argymint 's fust-class I can't deny it;
An' ye made 'n extra A 1 p'int when ye said 't ye expected
Thet wheat would fetch a dollar soon as Bryan wuz elected.
Now, I 'll tell ye what I 'll do with ye — I 'm rather ol' an' sickly,
An' I doubt ef I could stan' the strain o' gittin' rich too quickly —
I 'll sell ye this year's crop of wheat at fifty cents, providin'
Ye git yer man elected, an' ye think it 's fair dividin'."

Then the feller all a sudden lost his taste for argyfyin';
He said to Uncle Uri thet he hed no thought o' buyin' —
He 'd jest dropped over to explain the use o' silver coin,
An' ez he hed no more to say, he thought he would be goin'.

An' Uri sniffed an' chawed a straw 's the feller went away,
An' said to me, "I 'm guessin' 't he won't be back to-day.
Some people mout be thinkin' thet his action wuz surprisin',
An' thet he knowed the price o' wheat would fall instid o' risin'; —
But ev'ry Presidential year them fellers' hearts grows warmer,
An' beats with an increasin' veneration fer the farmer; —
It wuz n't thet the feller thought wheat would n't go no higher —
He simply could n't bring himself to cheatin' ol' Uriah!"

Fred Nye.

UNSHAKEN BELIEF.

GRACE.— Did Isabel show you the sketches she made in the mountains?

CELIA.— Yes. Still, from what I have heard, I think the place must be quite picturesque.

MENTAL WEAKNESS.

THE LAWYER.— Was the old gentleman insane, doctor?

THE DOCTOR.— He showed one bad symptom. He never had the wheeling craze.

THE POINT OF VIEW.

HELEN *(looking over fashion magazine)*.— Now, who do you suppose would be seen in such a horrid immodest bicycle suit as this?

EDITH.— That? — why, that 's a bathing suit!

HELEN.— Oh! Is n't it just too lovely for anything! Let 's see how it 's made.

AROUSED.

FRIEND.— Vell, it 's like dot. If a tollar vos vorth only sixty cendts, den dose pants you sell for two tollar vould be vorth a tollar dvendy.

CLOTHING MERCHANT.— Vot 's dot? You bet I vould been interesded in dot pimetallism if I vould haf t'ought it vos a plan to reduce der brice of bants!

DID N'T GET IT.

MABEL.— So you 're going back to town to-morrow, and you 'd like something to remember me by? What would you prefer?

DE BARRY.— That diamond engagement ring I gave you six weeks ago.

HE KNEW THEY WOULD N'T GO.

"Ha!" exclaimed the Spanish officer; "this is good news! Another filibustering expedition has been captured by the United States revenue cutters."

But his exultation soon passed away.

"It can't be true," he murmured, sadly. "It says that the party included some Congressmen well known for their sympathy with Cuba."

BIMETALLISM.

The clergyman sized up his listening fold,
And their various needs divining,
He preached on the worth of the streets of gold
And the cloud with a silver lining.

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HIS TRADE.

FARMER GREENE.— Dew yew want a job at farm work?

WEARY WILLY.— No, boss. I want a job *talkin'* about farm work;— I 'm a Populist by trade.

A SHORTER FREE SAUSAGE CATECHISM.

QUESTION.—What, and what alone, will emancipate the People from the Serfdom of Catawaul Street?

ANSWER.—Free Sausage! In that event, you can take a sixteen-pound dog, or sixteen dogs of one pound each, to the Government Factory, and get back thirty-two pounds of legal-tender sausage, officially stamped: "*Ambrosia of the Gods. Warranted superfine. Caution—None genuine unless the pictures of Mercury and Æolus are blown in the label.*"

Q.—What will the immediate effects of Free Sausage be?

A.—Just as soon as the government label is affixed, Sausage will go to par with the best grade Ambrosia; by the same talismanic process, beer will turn to nectar, and bricks to boned turkey.

Q.—How do you know all this?

A.—I am convinced that it is so.

Q.—Your argument is unanswerable; but what will be the effect of Free Sausage on general prices?

A.—Prices will rise, when you want to sell; and fall, when you wish to buy.

Q.—How do you know?

A.—My convictions tell me so.

Q.—You state the case with admirable lucidity; but, pursuant to Knowallski's Law, will not the baser Sausage drive Ambrosia out of circulation?

A.—No. The only danger is that Sausage will be enhanced so much in value by legislative demand that people will begin to hoard their dogs.

Q.—But, if Sausage rises to the value you predict, how will it enable the Plain People more easily to pay their debts?

A.—I am convinced that Sausage will be cheap when I pay my debts, and dear when I collect them. This is practical bi-sausageism; and thereby the most momentous problem of civilization will be settled on an honorable and permanent basis.

Q.—But will not the Dog (in the manger) Trust derive the chief benefit from Free Sausage?

A.—16 to 1! 16 to 1!! 16 to 1!!! *(Tears.)* My heart goes out to Human Suffering and Wrong! I speak strongly, because I feel deeply (in somebody else's pocket).

C. W. Lucas.

SUPPOSED TO KNOW.

"I lived in Chicago three years."

"Indeed! How does it feel to be sandbagged?"

BEFORE THE MEETING.

FIRST POLITICIAN.—We 're going to make you chairman. Now, do you know that man, Howler?

SECOND POLITICIAN.—No; I never met him.

FIRST POLITICIAN.—Well, I 'll introduce him to you. I want you to know him so that when he gets up in the meeting you won't recognize him.

"TRUTH, CRUSHED to earth, will rise again;" and even Error has been known to raise a second campaign fund.

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IN CHICAGO.

THE MEDIUM.—Would you like to communicate with the spirit of your deceased wife?

CHICAGOAN.—Well—a—don't let them all speak at once!

JOURNALISM.

THE REPORTER.—I have just been selected as special correspondent for Cuba.

HIS WIFE.—That is terrible! When must you start?

THE REPORTER.—That is the feature I don't like. They expect me to be at the office at eight o'clock every morning, and I don't see any occasion for it.

DECISION RESERVED.

SHE *(at the opera)*.—What do you think of the new tenor?

HE.—Wait until we see if he gets an encore.

AN UNFORTUNATE ACCIDENT.

"You say he started to propose and then stopped? What caused the interruption?"

"He punctured a tire."

AN ODD MAN.

"Is that your oldest inhabitant?"

"Yes. He 's a political curiosity."

"How?"

"He voted against Andrew Jackson."

A GOOD JOKE—BUT CARRIED A LITTLE TOO FAR.

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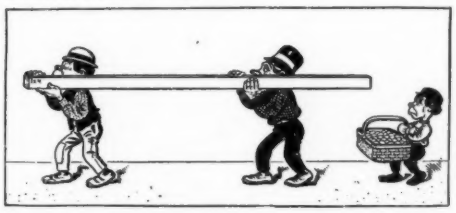
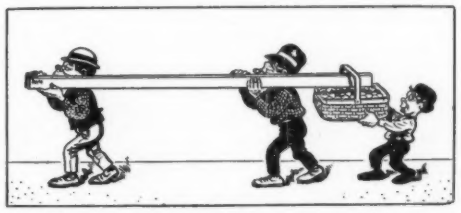
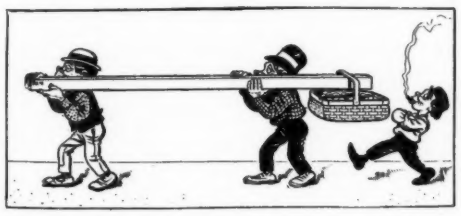


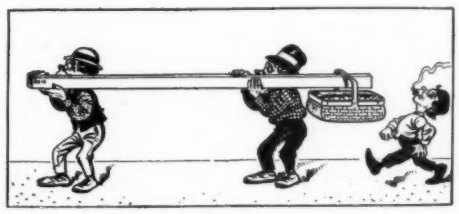
THE GROCER'S BOY.—By Jingo! Dis baskit of eggs is so heavy, I kin hardly carry it any furder!



THE GROCER'S BOY.—I hain't got no solid bone head, you bet! I 'll jest hang it on de end o' dis beam. Dem fellys 'll never notice it.



THE GROCER'S BOY.—Say, dis is de softest snap I ever struck!



FIRST WORKMAN.—Here we are, Murphy! Are yez ready? Yis?

WORKMEN *(throwing beam off their shoulders)*.—Then let 'r go!

THE CELEBRATED

SOHMER

Pianos are the Best.

Warerooms: 149—155 E. 14th St., New York.

CAUTION.—The buying public will please not confound the SOHMER Piano with one of a similarly sounding name of cheap grade. Our name spells—

S—O—H—M—E—R.

URBANA

WINE COMPANY

Gold Seal

Champagne

For Sale by

All Leading Wine Dealers

and Grocers

Address the Company: URBANA, N. Y.

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YPSILANTI

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For Gentlemen.

The perfection of health protective underwear. It fits so well you only know you have it on, because you are so comfortable. Endorsed by all physicians. Send for Catalogue and our new book entitled "*Modern Underwear and How to Wear It.*" Free.

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HOME STUDY, *Address* Box 918 SCRANTON, PA.

AFTER BETTER SPORT.

HE.—Noodles tells me that when walking with him last night you were fishing for compliments.

SHE. — Poor Noodles; I 'm too old a hand to fish in shallow waters. — *Detroit Free Press.*

The United States excel in champagne. *Cook's Imperial Extra Dry* takes the lead

---

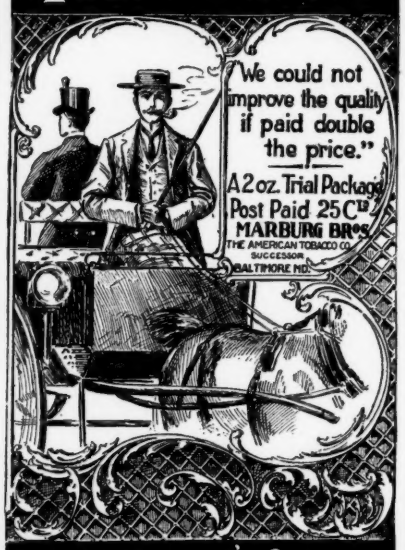
AN UNSUCCESSFUL PORTRAIT.

FOND MAMA. — What are you drawing on your slate, Pet?

LITTLE NELL. — I was tryin' to draw my dolly; but I dess I 'll tall it a tlothes-pin.— *New York Weekly.*

A FALLING OFF in the membership of the Salvation Army can now be anticipated. The Army in New York has adopted the bicycle in its crusade against sin. — *Norristown Herald.*

Yale Mixture



A GENTLEMAN'S SMOKE

STRANGE OVERSIGHT.

EDITOR.— This interview is n't complete.

REPORTER.—What 's the matter with it?

EDITOR. — You 've omitted all reference to the distinguished gentleman's expression of admiration for our beautiful city. Don't forget that again. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

Angostura Bitters was prepared by *Dr Siegert* in South America sixty years ago for his private use It is a fraud to say that imitations made in this country are just as good.

"VIRTUE is its own reward;" but there is more money in the saloon business. —*Atchison Globe.*

THOUSANDS of men vote a certain ticket merely to be with the biggest crowd, and then they call it principle. — *Washington Democrat.*

"HUNTER Baltimore Rye"

The American Gentleman's WHISKEY.

FOR CLUB, FAMILY AND MEDICINAL USE.

10 YEARS OLD.

THE BEST WHISKEY IN AMERICA

Endorsed by Leading Physicians when stimulant is prescribed.

"Drink HUNTER RYE. It is pure."

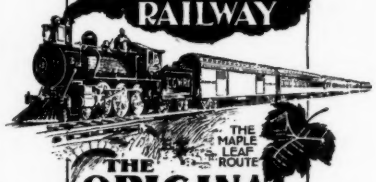
Pure, Old, Mellow.

SOLD AT ALL

First-class Cafes and by Jobbers.

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.

CHICAGO GREAT WESTERN RAILWAY



THE MAPLE LEAF ROUTE

THE ORIGINAL FAST LINE

BETWEEN
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DUBUQUE
ST. PAUL
MINNEAPOLIS
DES MOINES
ST. JOSEPH
KANSAS CITY

F. H. LORD, G. P. & T. A., CHICAGO.

New York Office, 319 Broadway.

BOKER'S BITTERS

An appetizer, promotes digestion, cures dyspepsia, and delicious in drinks.

AT LAST.

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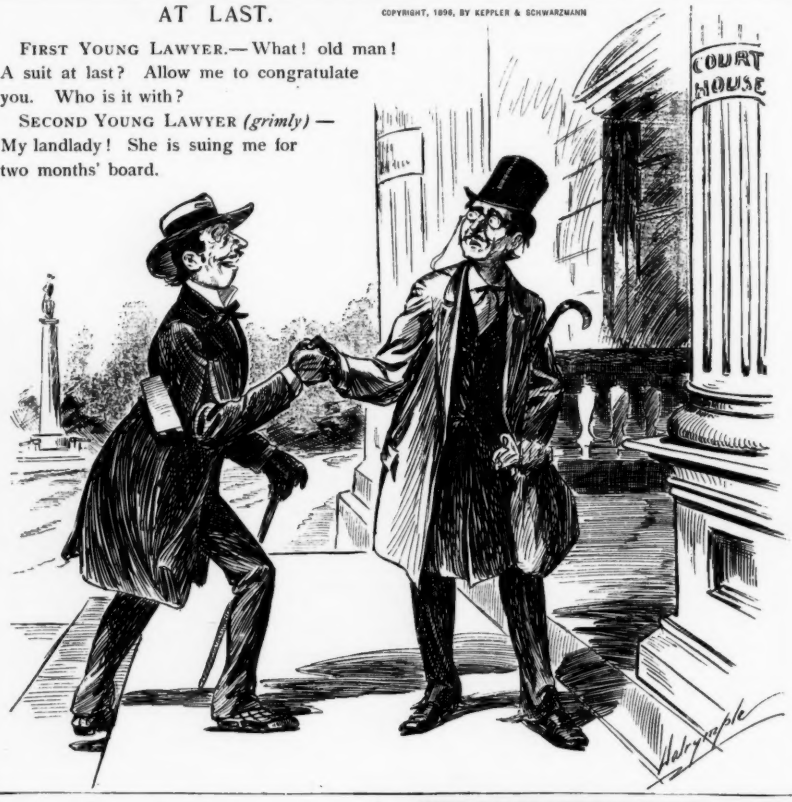
FIRST YOUNG LAWYER.— What! old man! A suit at last? Allow me to congratulate you. Who is it with?

SECOND YOUNG LAWYER *(grimly)* — My landlady! She is suing me for two months' board.



RHEINSTROM BROS.

CINCINNATI

Angostura Bark Bitters

Best of all Cocktail or Tonic Bitters.

5/6 Bottle of this is equivalent to a bottle of the best of the others.

1/2 Bottle is as good as a bottle of most of the others.

For sale by all Leading Jobbers and Retailers.

NO woman really looks as nice with her clothes off as the corset advertisements make her look. — *Atchison Globe.*

For the Postage—A Sample of Famous

Sozodont

FOR THE

TEETH AND BREATH.

A sample of liquid Sozodont by mail, provided you mention this publication and send three cents for postage. Address HALL & RUCKEL, New York City, Proprietors of Sozodont, Sozoderma Soap, Spalding's Glue and other well-known preparations.

PABST MILWAUKEE

The Operation after the surgeon—the knife—comes slow recovery. Get well and strong by using Pabst Malt Extract The "Best" Tonic

MILWAUKEE BEER IS FAMOUS PABST HAS MADE IT SO

THE ART OF BREWING WAS DEVELOPED BY THE GERMANS

CROOKED noses, broken, pug, bulbous and all bad noses painlessly changed to good noses; moderate fees. JOHN H. WOODBURY, 127 West 42d Street, New York. 132 Page Book for 2-cent stamp.

GET RICH QUICKLY. Send for "300 Inventions Wanted." Edgar Tate & Co., 245 Broadway, New York.

CRIPPLE CREEK, West Creek, and Clear Creek, Colo., Lookout Mountain and Hahn's Peak, Wyo.; MERCUR and Tintic, Utah; The Boise Gold Fields, Ida., and all the principal Gold Mining Camps of the West, are best reached via the Union Pacific.

A GREAT many men are good to their wives merely for the sake of having people talk about it.—*Washington Democrat.*

M. Stachelberg & Co's Havana Cigars

EST. 1857.

COSTLIEST BECAUSE BEST

OFFICIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

OF THE

AWARD ON **GILLOTT'S PENS**

AT THE

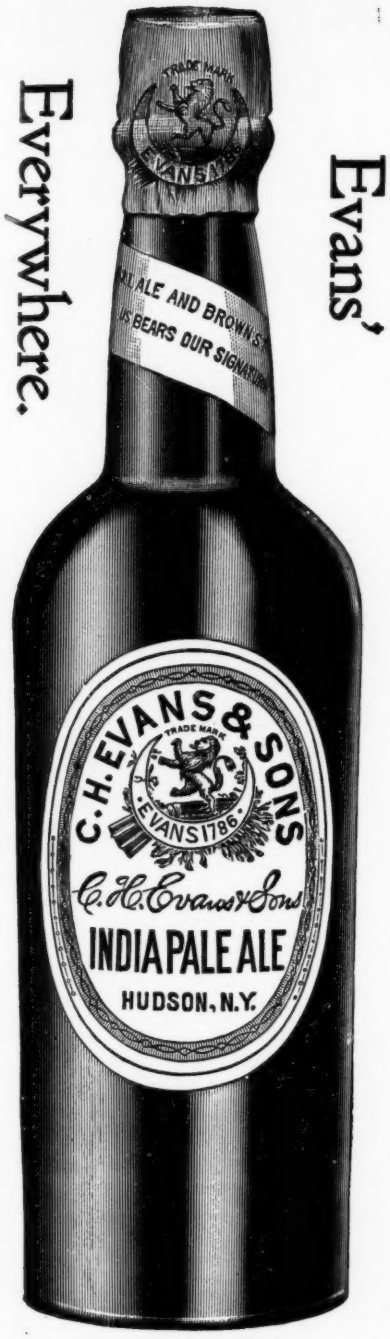
CHICAGO EXPOSITION.

AWARD: "For excellence of steel used in their manufacture, it being fine grained and elastic; superior workmanship, especially shown by the careful grinding which leaves the pens free from defects. The tempering is excellent and the action of the finished pens perfect."

Approved: JOHN BOYD THACHER,
Chairman Exec. Com. on Awards.

Evans'

Everywhere.



PROFITING BY ADVICE.

BLAGSON. — You ought to stay at home and take care of that cold.

GRAYMORE.—I suppose I ought, but I can't spare the time.

BLAGSO. — If you don't look out for it you may get laid up.

GRAYMORE. — Oh, in that case I 'd find plenty of time to attend to it. — *Roxbury Gazette.*

ART.

The young woman had a remarkably good voice. One comic-opera manager who was watching the performance, remarked approvingly to another:

"She took that high note splendidly."

"Yes," was the reply. "She would be a success in this business if she could only kick as high as she can sing."—*Washington Star.*

A PLEASANT PROSPECT.

SHE.—Ma says she knows that when we are married we won't live so like cats and dogs as she and Pa do.

HE.—No, indeed! Your Ma is right.

"Yes; she says she is sure you 'll be easier to manage than Pa is."—*N. Y. Weekly.*

THE UNPLEASANT PART OF IT.

"Well, Johnny," said the visitor; "I suppose you 'll begin going to school again very soon?"

"Yes."

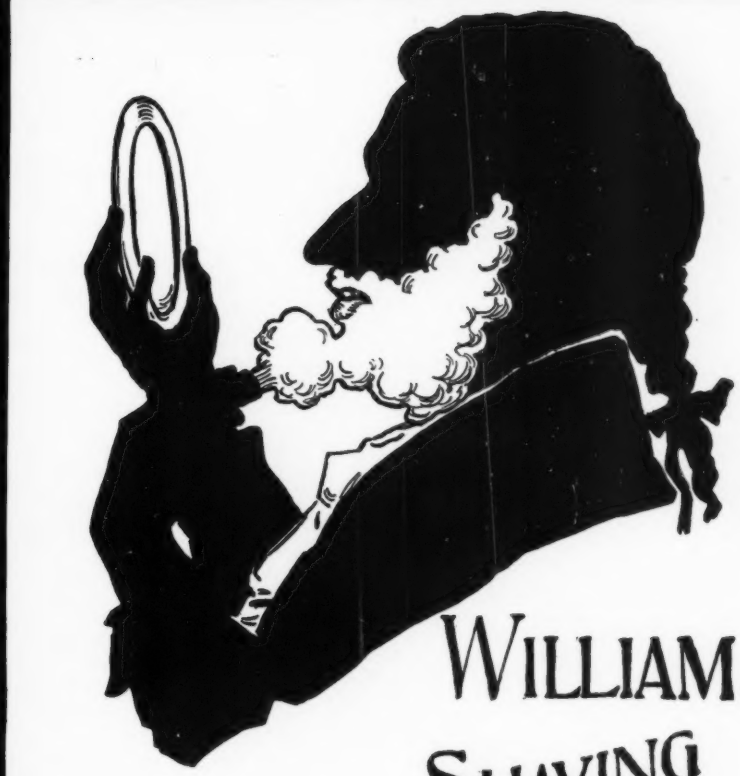
"Do you like going to school?"

"Yes; it 's staying there after I get there that I don't like." — *Harper's Weekly.*

NO AFFINITY.

"How can you stand the country, Julia? Have n't you any objections to cows?"

"Yes. However, that would n't mar my pleasure; but the cows seem to have objections to me."—*Detroit Free Press.*



WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK.

Customs, styles, methods, change and pass away.

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK never changes.

Its **Rich, Luxurious, Cream-like Lather** is always the same. It is the magnificent result of half a century devoted to the perfecting of **Shaving Soap.** Its wonderful lather, soothing, healing, medicinal qualities and delicate odor make **Williams' Shaving Stick matchless, incomparable.**

Each stick is enclosed in metallic case covered with leatherette. Strong, durable, attractive.

For sale all over the world.

If unable to obtain it of dealers, it will be mailed upon receipt of price, (25c.)

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.

LONDON, 64 GREAT RUSSELL STREET, W. C.

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TO BE.

HE.—Was Mabel prompt in accepting him?

SHE.—Well, there was n't any Hamlet's soliloquy business!

All Arithmetical Problems

solved rapidly and accurately by the Comptometer. Saves 60 per cent of time and entirely relieves nervous and mental strain. Adapted to all commercial and scientific computation. Every office should have one. *Write for Pamphlet.*

FELT & TARRANT MFG. CO., Chicago.

D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER

For Gentlemen, Ladies, Youths; athlete or invalid. Complete gymnasium; takes 6 in. of floorroom; new, scientific, durable, cheap. Indorsed by 100,000 physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors and others now using it. Illustrated circular 40 engravings, free. Address D. L. DOWD Scientific Physical and Vocal Culture, 9 East 14th Street, N. Y.

CARL UPMANN'S BOUQUET CIGAR.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.

America's Favorite TEN-CENT CIGAR. For Sale by first-class Dealers Everywhere.

"Received the Highest Award for Merit and General Excellency" — World's Columbian Exposition, 1893.

Puck

NEW YORK, October 3rd, 1896.

The Christmas Puck for 1896

will be published Saturday, December 5th.

LAST Advertising form is closed Monday, October 26th.

Our friends are respectfully requested to forward their orders for space in the CHRISTMAS PUCK without delay.

Address all orders: PUCK, New York.

GOUT? For Sale by Druggists. PAMPHLET FREE.

SCHERING'S **PIPERAZIN WATER**

RECOMMENDED FOR Gravel, Calculus, Lazy Liver, and all Uric Acid Troubles.

WILL CURE IT.

LEHN & FINK, Agents, New York.

"AN hour in the morning is worth two in the afternoon;" but not when the baseball game is called at 3 P.M. — *Norristown Herald.*

Perfecto Exact Size.

The Cigar of the U.S.

Generally Sold Everywhere.

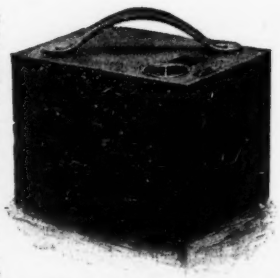
JACOB STAHL, JR., & CO., NEW YORK.

MAUDE.—Papa says he does n't mind my latest fad if I can only stick to it.

HILDA.—What is it?

MAUDE.—A bicycle. —*Detroit Free Press.*

Photography Simplified. :



Picture taking with the Improved Bullet camera is the refinement of photographic luxury. It makes photography easy for the novice—delightful for everybody.

LOADS IN DAYLIGHT with our light-proof film cartridges, or can be used with glass plates. Splendid achromatic lens, improved rotary shutter, set of three stops. Handsome finish.

Price, Improved No. 2 Bullet, for pictures 3½ x 3½ inches, ... $10.00
Light-proof Film Cartridge, 12 exposures, 3½ x 3½ . .60

EASTMAN KODAK CO.

Booklet Free. Rochester, N. Y.

IT must be admitted that the genius business does n't always work.—*Adams Freeman.*

OFFERS TO DEMONSTRATE.

"Wilkins says that you have n't the slightest idea of music in your whole composition."

"He does? Well, bring him here and I 'll show him I know how to twang a lyre." —*Detroit Free Press.*

MABEL. — Whose picture is that on your mantel-piece, Jack?

JACK *(with confusion).*— Er—that 's my sister. She 's married and lives in Australia.

MABEL *(calmly).*— Sister by birth or by rejection?— *Washington Capital.*

IT must be tough to live to be so old that no one else living remembers when you were young and smart, and good-looking. —*Atchison Globe.*

SOME men make a guess, think they 've thought, and then give it as an opinion. —*Adams Freeman.*

To and From The Northwest

via the

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES

Convenient Trains.
Unequalled
Dining Car Service.

JAS. C. POND, Gen'l Pass. Agt.
C. L. WELLINGTON, Traffic Mgr.
MILWAUKEE, WIS.

RIGHT IN IT.

"Did you get into the swim at the resort, Whirley?"

"I should say so! It required three hours to resuscitate me." — *Detroit Free Press.*

IT is real funny how many men preface their remarks by saying, "I don't know anything about politics," and then talk as long as anybody will listen. — *Washington Democrat.*

"EB'RYBODY hab 'is use in dis worl'," said Uncle Eben. "Folks doan 'spise de reed-bird 'case it can't sing, nor de canary bird 'case he ain' good ter eat." — *Washington Star.*

THE rain Friday, falling upon a silver discussion in this town, created such a cloud of steam that the sun was not seen again till late Saturday afternoon. — *West Union Gazette.*

DEAFNESS

and Head Noises relieved by using Wilson's Common-Sense Ear Drums. New scientific invention; different from all other devices. The only safe, simple, comfortable and invisible Ear Drum in the world. Helps where medical skill fails. No wire or string attachment. Write for pamphlet.

WILSON EAR DRUM CO.,
Offices: 220 Trust Bldg., Louisville, Ky. R. 236, 1122 Broadway, N. Y.

For young and old,
For brave and bold,

The "BENEDICT"

Buttons all shirts will hold.

BENEDICT BROTHERS, Jewelers,
Broadway & Cortlandt St., N. Y.
Manufactured for the Trade by
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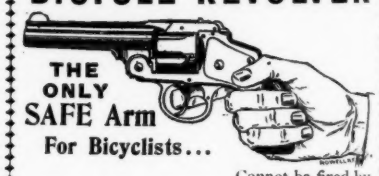
SEND FOR CIRCULAR

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free*; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands.
LYON & HEALY, 201 Wabash Ave., Chicago.

THE SMITH & WESSON
BICYCLE REVOLVER



THE ONLY SAFE Arm For Bicyclists...

Cannot be fired by accident, even in the event of a header. Can be carried in side pocket with absolute safety, and is always ready for dogs. No hammer to catch in pocket and wear out clothes. Every part tested and guaranteed. *Send for Illustrated Catalogue.*

SMITH & WESSON,
29 Stockbridge St., Springfield, Mass.

BARKEEPER'S FRIEND

METAL POLISH—Sure, Quick, Easy. Gives a brilliant, durable lustre; never spoils; guaranteed pound box 25c. at dealers. G. W. Hoffman, Mnfr., Indianapolis, Ind.

CANDY Send $1.25, $2.10, or $3.50 for a superb box of candy by express, *prepaid* east of Denver or west of New York. Suitable for presents. Sample orders solicited. Address,

C. F. GUNTHER, Confectioner,
212 State St., Chicago.

INFORMATION.

NEW BOARDER.—How are the meals?
OLD BOARDER.—No meals! She furnishes a sort of quick lunch three times a day.

Hartford Single-Tube Tires

ARE THE **Standard**

There is no such evidence of popular satisfaction as the evidence of successful experience. Hartford Single-Tube Tires have won this enviable reputation—others follow. But there is only one right kind of Tire. Accept only the genuine.

IF IT'S A HARTFORD TIRE IT'S RIGHT.

THE HARTFORD RUBBER WORKS CO.,
HARTFORD, CONN.
New York. Philadelphia. Chicago.

Rae's Lucca Oil

The Perfection of Olive Oil

Your physician will tell you that Olive Oil, pure and sweet, is one or the most wholesome of foods. Rae's Oil is *pure* and *sweet*, as testified to by numerous awards and wide repute. A trial will convince you of its superior excellence as a food product.

Guaranteed Absolutely Pure by
S. RAE & CO.,
Established 1836. *Leghorn, Italy.*

I USE IT.

FULL BEARD or NEW HAIR. Grown with TURKISH HAIR GROWER, on smooth face or bald head in 3 wks. or money refunded. $1,000 forfeit. This is the best, quickest, surest. We warrant every package. Price 25c. ready for use. 3 for 50c. 7 for $1, sealed, by mail. TREMONT M'F'G CO., Sta. A., Boston, Mass.

DEAFNESS & HEAD NOISES CURED. Our INVISIBLE TUBE Cushions help when all else fails, as glasses help eyes. NO PAIN. Whispers heard. Send to F. Hiscox Co., 858 B'way, N. Y., for Book and Proofs FREE

NO-TO-BAC GUARANTEED TOBACCO HABIT CURE

NO-TO-BAC

Over 1,000,000 boxes sold. 300,000 cures prove its power to destroy the desire for tobacco in any form. No-to-bac is the greatest nerve-food in the world. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days and it never fails to make the weak impotent man strong, vigorous and magnetic. Just try a box. You will be delighted. We expect you to believe what we say, for a cure is absolutely guaranteed by druggists everywhere. Send for our booklet "Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away," written guarantee and free sample. Address THE STERLING REMEDY CO., Chicago or New York. 123

OPIUM HABIT AND DRUNKENNESS Cured in 10 to 20 Days. No Pay till Cured. DR. J. L. STEPHENS, LEBANON, OHIO.

WANTED—AN IDEA. Write John Wedderburn & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their $1,800 prize.

Now Ready: PUCK'S QUARTERLY, No. 3. 25 Cents.

NIAGARA FALLS ONLY 9½ HOURS FROM NEW YORK BY THE NEW YORK CENTRAL.

THE OVERLAND LIMITED

The Fastest Train in the West

RUNNING

EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR

VIA THE

UNION PACIFIC — THE OVERLAND ROUTE — WORLD'S PICTORIAL LINE

TO UTAH
29 hours from Missouri River.
44 hours from Chicago.

TO CALIFORNIA
2½ days from Missouri River.
3 days from Chicago or St. Louis.

THE ONLY LINE
in the West operating Buffet Smoking and Library Cars.

Send for Advertising Matter | E. L. LOMAX, Gen. Pass. & Tkt. Agt., Omaha, Neb.

ENLIGHTENED.

"Do you understand this 16 to 1 problem, Mr. Golightly?"

"Yes; — and I think sixteen boarders to one watermelon is entirely too many." — *Detroit Free Press.*

IT ought to be made a penitentiary offence for anybody to run a lawn mower at four o'clock in the morning, within forty miles of civilization.—*Washington Democrat.*

"ONE reason why some smaht men doan' git along faster," said Uncle Eben, "is 'case dey loses time showin' off how smaht dey is, 'stead o' trabblin' right erlong."—*Washington Star.*

LOWNEY'S CHOCOLATE BONBONS.

"Name on Every Piece."

The crowning triumph of confectioners' art.

SAMPLE PACKAGE 10c. IN STAMPS.

If you wish a pound or more, and your dealer will not supply you, we will send you, on receipt of price, 1-lb. box, 60c; 2-lb box, $1.20, 3-lb. box, $1.80; 5-lb. box, $3.00. Delivered free in U. S.

The WALTER M. LOWNEY CO., 81 Pearl St., Boston.

AND LEFT HIM.

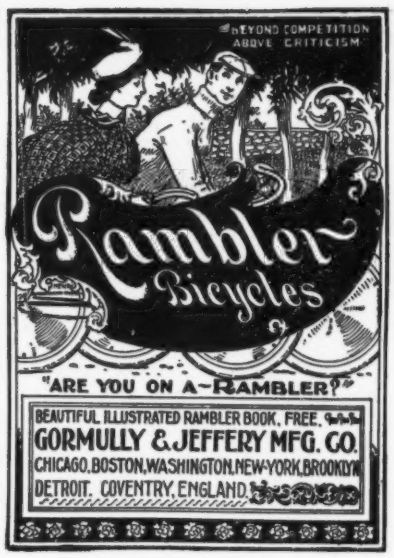
"When do I get the next train?" asked the agitated passenger.

"The next train 's just gone, sir," answered the porter. — *Detroit Free Press.*

THE man possessed of a watch is continually finding out that he has n't time. — *Adams Freeman.*

THE crime of '73 from the British point of view is, of course, the Boston tea-party. —*West Union Gazette.*

ONE of the funniest things in the world is to see a girl wearing bloomers, cry like a woman. — *Atchison Globe.*



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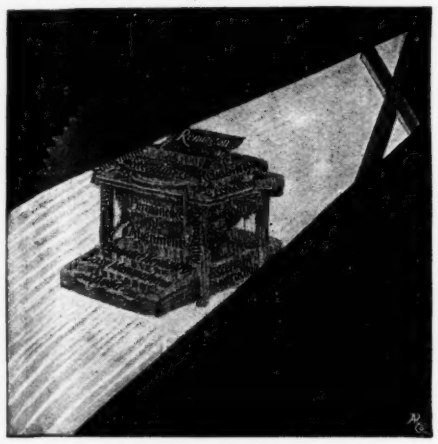
GOUT.

DR. THOMAS H. BUCKLER, *of Paris (formerly of Baltimore), Suggester of Lithia as a Solvent of Uric Acid:* "I have frequently used **BUFFALO LITHIA WATER** with good results in **Uric Acid Diathesis, Gout** and **Rheumatism,** and with this object I have ordered it to Europe from Coleman & Rogers, of Baltimore. Lithia is in no form so valuable as where it exists in the Carbonate, the form in which it is found in this water."

Sold by Druggists. Pamphlet free. **Proprietor, Buffalo Lithia Springs, Va.**



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SAVING TIME.

TOURIST (*in Oklahoma*).—Pardon me, but why do you always shoot a pane of glass out of one of the front windows of the post-office before you go in and ask for your mail?

ALKALI IKE.— Aw! it 's a heap less trouble than to go around to the back door an' kick the postmaster out of his sleep on a pile of mail sacks.

Arnold Constable & Co.

Are now prepared to show early **Fall Styles** *of*

Imported Gowns, Tailor-made Dresses, Wraps, Capes, and Street Coats.

Also, ***Children's School Dresses, Long Coats, Reefers, and Misses' Jackets.***

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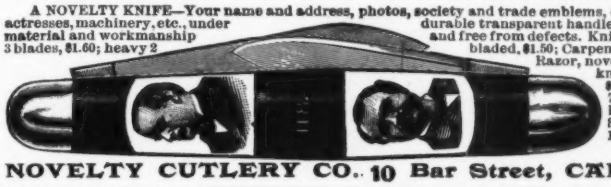
A NOVELTY KNIFE—Your name and address, photos, society and trade emblems, eminent men and women, actresses, machinery, etc., under durable transparent handles. WARRANTED best of material and workmanship and free from defects. Knife same style as cut, $1.20; 3 blades, $1.60; heavy 2 bladed, $1.50; Carpenter's knife, 3 blades, $2.00; Razor, novelty handle, $3.50; Ladies, knife, 2 blades, 80c.; 3 blades $1.25; Boy's knife, 2 blades 75c. Special photos in knife each, 25c extra. Stamp photos $1.00 per 100. Circular for stamp. AGENTS WANTED.



NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 10 Bar Street, CANTON, OHIO.

WE have troubles of our own; but, thank heaven! not one of them is a bicycle.—*Atchison Globe.*

BLOOMER.—Have you paid your first installment on your wheel yet?

SPROCKET.—No; but I 've paid the doctor something on account.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

OUR score was three when the game was done,
The visitors, double that, plus one.
The rooter sighed, and then said he,
"The same old crime of 'seven-t'-three.'"
—*Cedar Rapids Record.*

THE COST.

POET.—Do you pay for poetry?

EDITOR.—Yes; and pay dearly for it, too. You ought to see how it loses us readers.—*Roxbury Gazette.*

Hygienically and Economically every man commits a crime against common sense if he does not wear the **Genuine Guyot Suspenders.** All imitations are frauds. Send 50 cents for sample pair to OPPENHEIMER BROS., 621 Broadway, N. Y.

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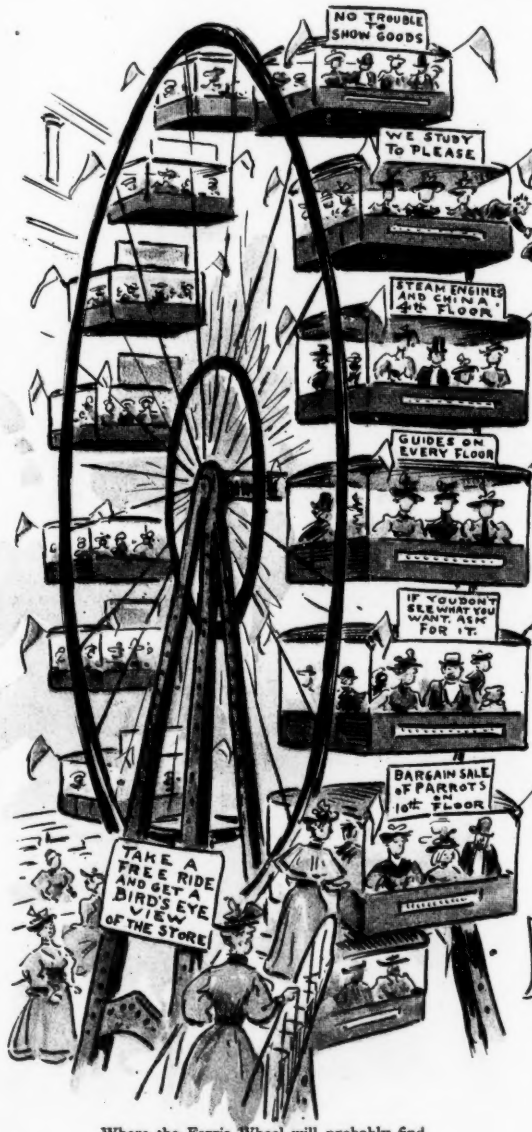
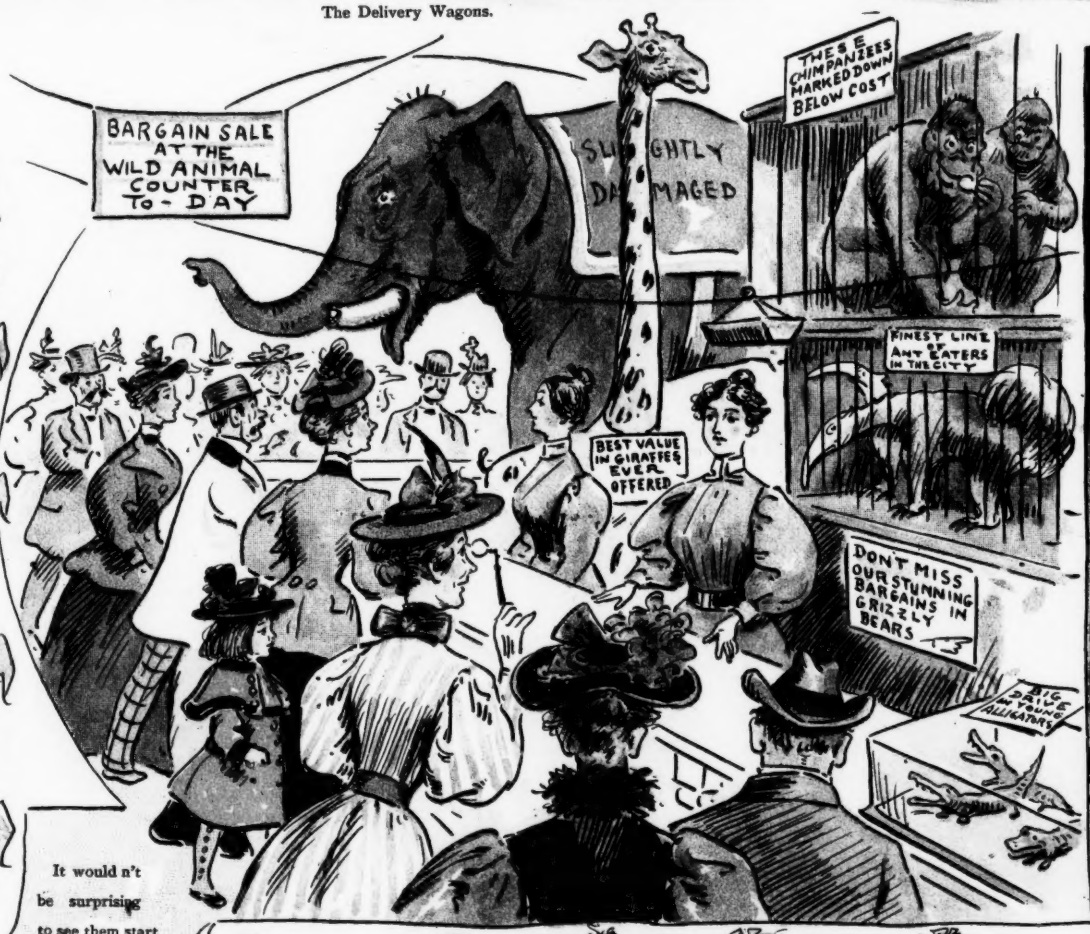
The Delivery Wagons.



Where the Ferris Wheel will probably find a resting place: — in the rotunda of the next big "department store."



It would n't be surprising to see them start a department like the above any day.

Each "department store" will have to have a complete hospital for the sufferers in their bargain-counter crushes.

The vast and rapidly growing army of "department store" employees will doubtless have a ticket of their own in 1900.

"DEPARTMENT STORE" PROGRESS.

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